

JOHNNY



#4
\$2.95 US
\$3.95 CAN

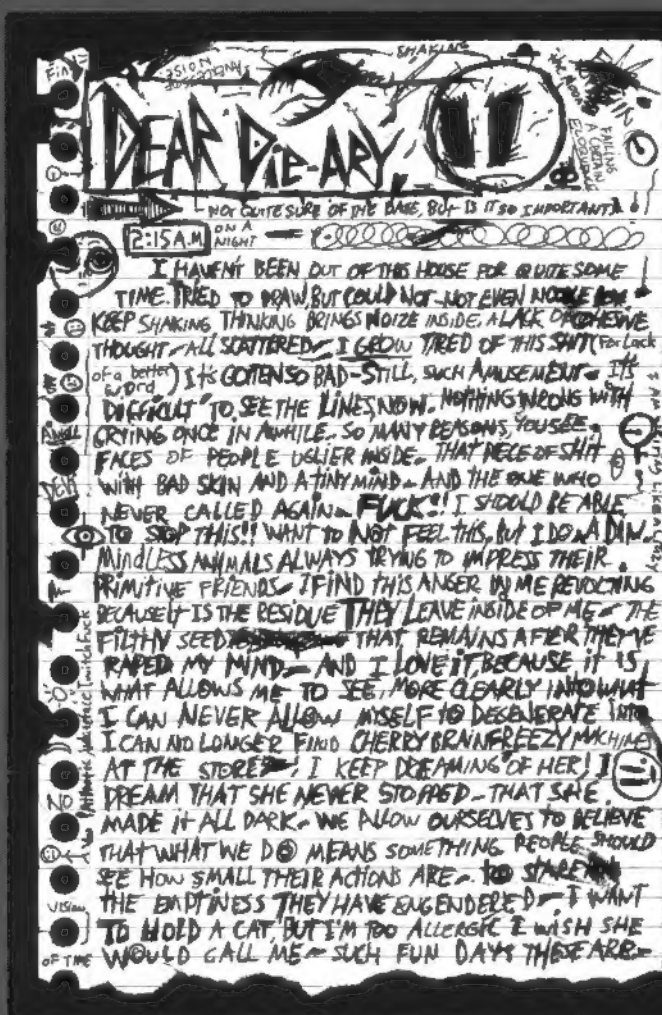


TV

THE HOMICIDAL MANIAC

JTHM #4

ANOTHER TIREDSOME EMOSEFUL REHONNA DESCENT



Hello. A few nights ago I was going through the shoe-box that is my letters file, and I found that the corners of my mouth were attempting to do one of those smile-ish things. It was very clear to me, all of a sudden, that I now had harnessed enough souls to bring into fruition my dream of creating my very own Undead Legion of Doom. By this point, however, it seemed like such a bother. But, hey, keep those souls coming! The devil doesn't seem to care who they belong to, and he is ever-so generous with his favors-I got some REALLY nice socks for one soul. Ah, but the point of all of this is that, once again, I wish to express, with something resembling sincerity, my thanks to those of you who have sent the lovely letters and e-mail. Doing something, purely, for one's own enjoyment is fine, but, I must admit, finding that others enjoy it as well has a certain power over the corners of my mouth.

mail things to the Slave Labor Address.
E-mail goes to hrEr777@atlantis-bbs.com

Johnny the Homicidal Maniac #4 May 1996 Published by Slave Labor Graphics 979 S. Bascom Ave. San Jose, CA 95128. JTHM and all related channelled spirits from beyond this realm of comprehension are tm and © 1996 Jhonen Vasquez.Grrr. No part of this publication may be reproduced, except for purposes of review, and/or inflicting wicked little paper cuts on children, without the written permission of Jhonen Vasquez and Slave Labor Graphics. Call 1-800-866-8929 for our magical, FREE catalog. Printed in Canada. I made cookies, once, and didn't use an oven mitt to remove them. I burned my hand quite severely, but I did not cry.

JOHNNY the HOMICIDAL MANIAC

THIS...
ISN'T ME.

THIS IS
NOT ME.

DO YOU MEAN TO
SAY THAT IT WAS
I WHO WENT ON
AN INSANE KILLING
RAVAGE?

I MEAN THIS CAN'T BE
WHAT I AM.
WHAT I'VE BECOME.

IT MAKES NO SENSE.

WHAT, YOU DON'T FEEL YOU
ARE THE LOGICAL PRODUCT OF
YOUR PAST? IF THAT IS THE
CASE, THEN I WOULD LIKE TO
KNOW BY WHAT SCALE OF
LOGIC YOU SUBSCRIBE TO
THAT ALLOWS YOU TO ACCEPT
MY SEVERED HEAD
FLOATING ALONGSIDE
YOU.

THAT'S JUST IT.
THE LOGIC IS FLECKED
UP HERE. THERE IS
SOMETHING
INHERENTLY WRONG
IN THIS.

YOU'VE BEEN
WITH ME FROM
THE START.
HAVEN'T YOU?

EVEN BEFORE THE NAIL HIT THE
BUNNY, YOUR VOICE WAS IN MY
HEAD. BECAUSE IT'S MY VOICE.
BECAUSE YOU ARE ME - THE
OTHER END OF
MY INTERNAL
CONVERSATIONS.

WE ALL ASSIGN A VOICE TO THE ASPECTS OF OURSELVES, AND I REMEMBER YOU ALWAYS BEING THERE FROM THE START, SO YOU'VE SEEN WHAT I'VE SEEN, FELT IT ALL, THE PEOPLE LAUGHING, AND LIVING THEIR PETTY LIVES.

TORTURE ROOM VACANCY

A WORLD DEFINED BY ITS DAYTIME TALK SHOWS.

YOU KNOW WHAT GOES ON IN THIS WORLD, THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND, THEY DON'T SEE THAT LONG AFTER THEIR LAUGHTER SUBSIDES, IN SEARCH OF THE NEXT GREAT THRILL, THEIR VICTIMS ARE STILL HEARING THE TAUNTS IN THEIR HEADS, A CACAPHONY OF DEGRADING NOISE POISONING PERCEPTION.

GROVES, SO AS NOT TO TOUCH THIS FILTHY REALITY

THESE FUCKS ACKNOWLEDGE THEIR OWN WORTHLESSNESS BY PURSUING THE MUNDANE - INVITING THEIR OWN PAIN TO CONFRONT THEM IN THE FORM OF A FURIOUS VIETNAM. BUT I'M ASKING, AGENT? I DON'T KNOW WHICH ONE I DESERVE MY... "ATTENTION", AND I LOSE THINGS. THINGS LEAVE ME. I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT IT IS TO HOLD ON TO SOMETHING.

I SUGGEST YOU SEEK SOME ALTERNATE SOURCE OF SYMPATHY, ANY. YOU TRIED TO KILL THAT GIRL, SHE LIKED YOU, AND YOU TRIED TO KILL HER. THAT WAS IMPULSIVE.

NO!! LIKE I SAID, IT MAKES NO SENSE! I CAN'T EXPLAIN ANYTHING BECAUSE I CAN'T FIND IT IN ME. I THINK BACK, LOOKING FOR WHAT BROUGHT ME HERE, BUT I ONLY GET IMAGES AS IF THROUGH A HAZE. I'VE DONE SOME PRETTY GHASTLY SHIT, AND YET THE CLEAR MOTIVATION ELUDES ME. THESE ACTS, THEY'RE MORE LIKE ANSWERS TO A QUESTION I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER ASKING.

FRIENDS LEAVE

EVERYTHING LEAVES.

MORE

SO YOU MUST PREFER THIS TO ANY PLEASURE THEY GIVE, HOWEVER BRIEF IT MAY BE.

WELL...

I TRY TO THINK BACK, BUT IT ONLY FEELS SOFT, AND NOTHING FEELS RIGHT, OR SOLID. I REMEMBER IMAGES, BUT LIKE BAD PHOTOGRAPHS PRINTED ON WET TOILET PAPER - BLURRY AND DISTORTED.

BITS AND FRAGMENTS. I REMEMBER BEING LITTLE - OTHER KIDS LAUGHING AT HOW SKINNY I WAS, CALLING ME "NOODLE BOY." TYPICAL SHIT. THAT'S ALL.

WHY IS IT LIKE THIS? I'VE DONE THINGS, ALL THOSE PEOPLE... AND I ACTED LIKE I ENJOYED IT?

I'M DOING THIS... AND I CAN'T EVEN SAY WHY! I'M SURE IT'S NOT JUST A BAD MOOD!



LOOK AROUND YOU, CAN YOU REMEMBER BEING THE PERSON WHO MADE ALL OF THESE PAINTINGS? YOU ONCE THREW EVERYTHING OF YOURSELF INTO THESE THINGS, FEEDING THEM WITH CREATURES IN YOUR HEAD. PAINT AND INK WHERE NOW THERE ARE BARRELS OF BLOOD.



I MEAN, LOOK AT YOU! YOU DEVOTE MORE TIME TO FUMING OVER THE STUPIDITY OF MANKIND THAN YOU DO TO WHAT YOU ONCE FELT SO MUCH FOR!! YOUR IMAGINATION HAS BEEN SUBVERTED! AND LOOK AT WHAT'S LEFT! THE EXTENT OF YOUR WORK IS THAT ANEMIC PEICE OF SHIT, HAPPY NOODLE BOY!! A GODDAMNED STICK FIGURE!!!



AM I THE ONLY PART OF YOU THAT REMEMBERS A TIME WHEN YOUR IMAGINATION WAS USED TO CREATE THINGS OTHER THAN HORRIBLY PARANOID DELUSIONS, AND THOUGH THE CURRENT SITUATION COULD BE JUST ANOTHER OF THOSE DELUSIONS, WE'LL SAY IT'S NOT. WHATEVER THE CASE, IT IS EVIDENT YOUR CREATIVITY IS THE VICTIM OF SOMETHING.



DEAR LORD!!! YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO WREN ME, HAVEN'T YOU?!! SEE, I TOLD YOU IT MADE NO SENSE!!! ALL OF THIS SENSELESS KILLING!! WHAT GOOD IS THERE IN THIS, WHEN IT IS ALL TOO APPARENT THAT YOU DON'T KILL YOUR "FUESTS..."



YOU TORTURE THEM!!! DRILL IT INTO THEM! MAKE THEM FORGET WHAT COMFORT IS! DEATH FREES THEM FROM THE EDUCATION I OFFER. LET THEM UNDERSTAND FIRST. THEN THEY CAN DIE.



STUPID PEOPLE: I WOULD ASK YOU TO KEEP IN MIND THAT THIS SHOULD NOT BE A SOURCE OF MORAL GUIDANCE (THAT WOULD BE REQUIRED, PUT AWAY THE GUNES AND NEVER ALLOW YOURSELF TO FORGET YOU ARE STUPID - IGV

SO WHY HAVE I BEEN COLLECTING ALL THE BLOOD? I HATE BLOOD! LIKE I HATE PSS AND SWEAT AND SHIT AND SALT AND ALL OF THE SEWAGE OF THE ORGANISM! JUST LIKE I DETEST THAT FUCKING CREAM FILLING IN A TWINKIE!

NOW I ASK YOU, MY BUNNY, WHY WOULD I DO SUCH THINGS? AS IF I REALLY HAD TO ASK.



IT'S SO ENTIRELY OBVIOUS - I'M BEING MANIPULATED BY SOME NAMELESS, VIOLEN SOURCE FROM BEYOND OUR PLANE OF EXISTENCE. IT SPOKE TO ME IN MY OWN VOICE, LETTING ME BELIEVE I WAS HEARING MY OWN CONSCIENCE. I WAS LOSING SIGHT OF MY OWN REASONS, SO I WAS WEAK. IT JUST TOOK OVER AND LET IT HAPPEN. SHIT. THAT'S NOT GOOD.

I'VE RELINQUISHED CONTROL OF MY INSANITY.



WE THINK WE CAN LIVE AWAY FROM WHAT WE HATE, BUT ARE DEFINED BY THOSE VERY THINGS, IT FEELS UPON US...

SUSTAINED BY OUR BELIEF THAT WE ARE DOING SOMETHING RIGHT. WE THINK WE ARE SO GREAT IN OUR PROTESTS...

BUT WE JUST BECAME THE BITTER OFF-SHINE OF WHAT WE OPPOSE. WE BECAME PRISONERS IN OUR OWN LIVES.

WE BEGIN TO SPEAK IN BADLY CONSTRUCTED MELODRAMATIC PROSE! OH, RATHER HORROR!! MAKE THIS STOP!!

AS IF THINGS WEREN'T BAD ENOUGH BEFORE, NOW, IT SEEMS I'VE BECOME A SERVANT TO WHATEVER THE HELL IS BEHIND THAT WALL. I'D LIKE TO SEE SOMEBODY TRY TO BEAT ME IN A HARD LUCK STORY CONTEST!!!

FOR THOSE OF YOU THAT JUST THINKING HERE'S A RECAP: SOMETHING IS HAPPENING...

WE SPEND FOREVER BUILDING UP OUR DEFENSES, ONLY TO HAVE THAT BE WHAT ALLOWS US TO BE CONTROLLED!!

EXCUSE ME, LET ME JUST INTERRUPT YOUR DISOBTAINED LITTLE MUSINGS HERE, LET ME REMIND YOU THAT YOU'VE STILL NO IDEA WHAT YOU WERE LIKE BEFORE ALL OF THIS. PITY IS ONE THING YOU SHOULDN'T EXPECT MUCH OF JUST YET.

DO YOU REMEMBER? DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH OF THIS IS ME AND HOW MUCH IS WHAT THAT THING DID TO ME? WHAT IF IT WENT AWAY, THE THING, WHAT IF IT WAS LIKE WHEN A SHAKER QUITS - DO YOU THINK I'D GET FAT?

MORE MELODRAMATIC PROSE!! HAARGH!!

UUHHH... WELL, I COULDN'T SAY, ALTHOUGH I WOULD THINK THAT, WITH YOUR BONE STRUCTURE, YOU WOULD LOOK REVOLTING AS AN OBESE PERSON. HOWEVER, I DO VAGUELY REMEMBER THAT YOU WERE SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT BEFORE, YOU STILL DID GHOUISH THINGS, BUT FOR SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT REASONS.

AH! A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

HMM... EXACTLY HOW DOES ONE RID THEMSELVES OF AN INFESTATION OF THIS SORT?

THERE'S A QUESTION YOU SHOULD ASK SOMEONE ELSE.

WHO? ALL THE OTHER THINGS IN HERE ARE STILL ME, LIKE YOU'RE ME! THEY'LL KNOW JUST ABOUT AS MUCH AS WE DO.



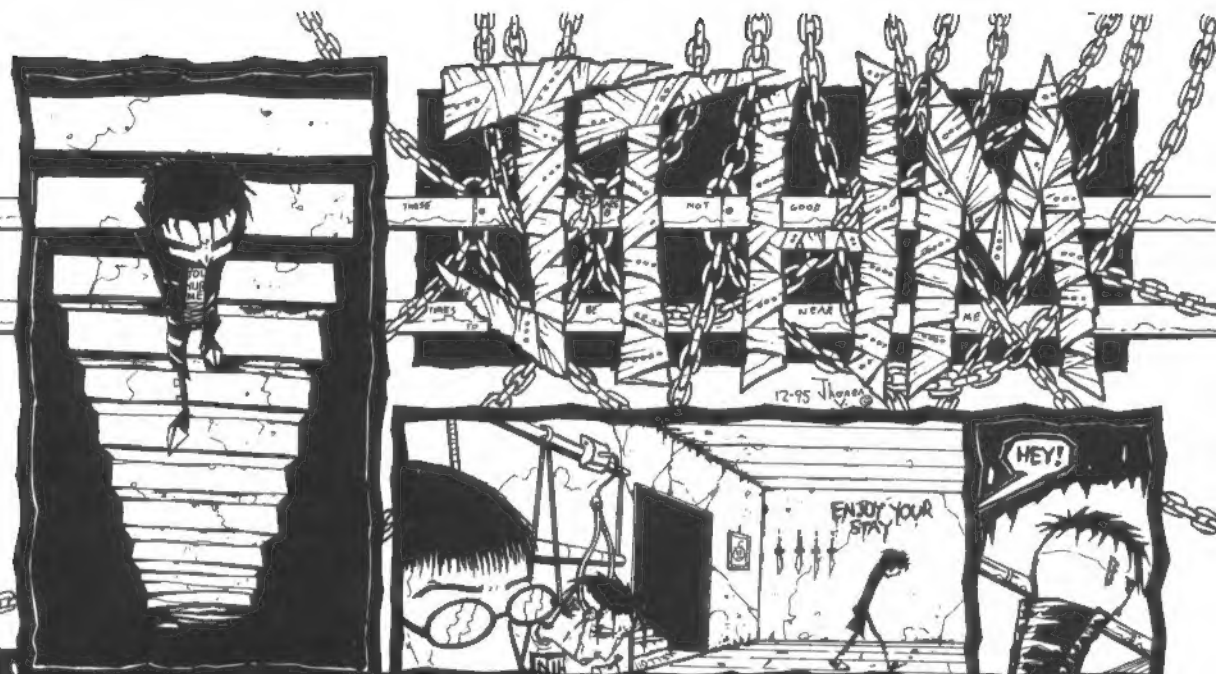
SUFFERING A WORLD TOO VACUOUS TO ACKNOWLEDGE HIS GENIUS

WOBBLY HEADED BOB

I HAVE ONLY SYMPATHY FOR YOUR REVOLTING STUPIDITY

— W.H.B





I HAVEN'T PAINTED IT IN OVER A WEEK, YOU KNOW. IT'S STARTED EATING THE PAINT. BLDDD NOW, I CAN FEEL IT IN THERE, SMOLD-BONE.

FURIOUS AT MY DISOBEDIENCE.

FURIOUS AT ITS DISOBEDIENT LITTLE SLAVE. SOME PEOPLE GET MAGIC PENIES, I GET THIS.

WELL, FUCK YOU!! YOU LISTEN TO ME!! IF I'M GONNA KILL ANYBODY IT'S BECAUSE I WANT TO!! NOT BECAUSE YOU TELL ME TO, YOU... YOU... WALL!!

YOU... YOU'RE...

YES YES YES, I'M THE ONE THAT'S BEEN KILLING ALL THOSE PEOPLE, BUT I'M ALSO THE CREATIVE FORCE BEHIND HAPPY NOODLE BOY, SO FORGIVE ME AND SHUT UP.

WHERE'S MY SHIT-YOU?

ALL THOSE PEOPLE... WHY? TO PAINT A WALL?

THAT OLD WOMAN... THE ICECREAM MAN... THE... THE CHEER-LEADING SQUAD...

ON THE NEWS, THAT GIRL THEY FOUND HER DEAD AND... SHE WAS RAPED... THAT WAS YOU...

I WOULD NEVER!!!

YOU STUPID, BLIND THING!! I SPEND ENOUGH TIME TRYING NOT TO TOUCH OR BE TOUCHED! THE MERE THOUGHT OF SUCH REPUGNANCE!!

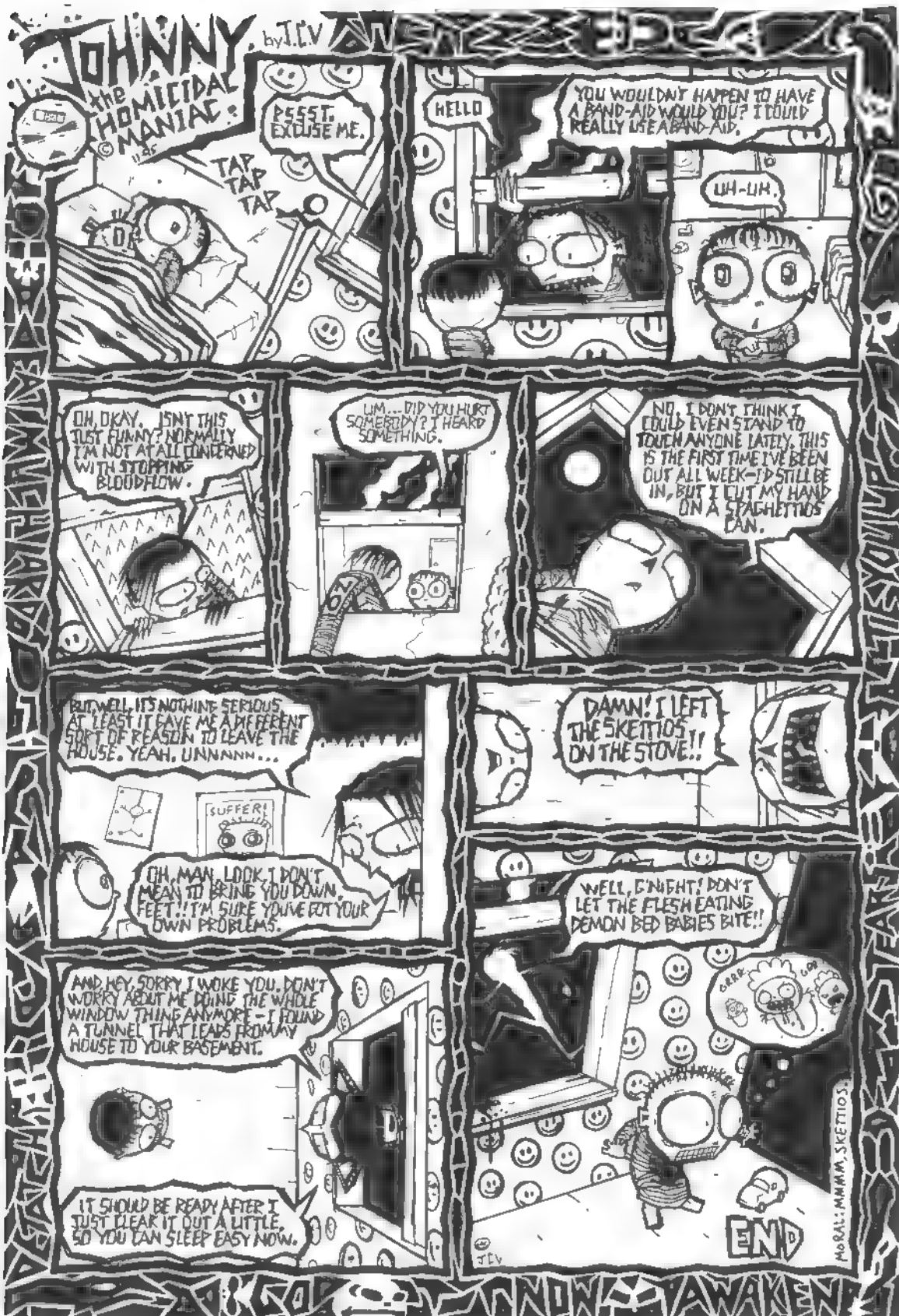
I WOULD HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THE SUBMISSION TO PHYSICAL UNLINGING. ALL SEEK TO ENSLAVE YOU, AND I'VE ALREADY GOT THIS RAVENOUS BEAST UP PLASTER TO CONTENT WITH. FLESH DOES NOT MOTIVATE ME. NO, MINE IS A PENETRATION BEYOND THE VEIL OF THE FLESH.

THE FLY?

WHAT?

YOU'RE QUOTING THE FLY?

YEAH, WHY NOT?



JOHNNY THE HOMICIDAL MANIAC

by T.C.V.

PSST. EXCUSE ME.

HELLO

YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO HAVE A BAND-AID WOULD YOU? I COULD REALLY USE A BAND-AID.

UH-UH.

OH, OKAY. ISN'T THIS JUST FUNNY? NORMALLY I'M NOT AT ALL CONCERNED WITH STOPPING BLOODFLOW.

UM... DID YOU HURT SOMEBODY? I HEARD SOMETHING.

NO, I DON'T THINK I COULD EVEN STAND TO TOUCH ANYONE LATELY. THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE BEEN OUT ALL WEEK- I'D STILL BE IN, BUT I CUT MY HAND ON A SPAGHETTI'S CAN.

BUT WELL, IT'S NOTHING SERIOUS. AT LEAST IT GAVE ME A DIFFERENT SORT OF REASON TO LEAVE THE HOUSE. YEAH, UUNNNNN...

DAMN! I LEFT THE SKETTOS!! ON THE STOVE!!

OH, MAN, LOOK I DON'T MEAN TO BRING YOU DOWN, FEET!! I'M SURE YOU'VE GOT YOUR OWN PROBLEMS.

WELL, G'NIGHT! DON'T LET THE FLESH EATING DEMON BED BABIES BITE!!

AND, HEY, SORRY I WOKE YOU. DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME HING THE WHOLE WINDOW THING ANYMORE - I FOUND A TUNNEL THAT LEADS FROM MY HOUSE TO YOUR BASEMENT.

IT SHOULD BE READY AFTER I JUST CLEAR IT OUT A LITTLE, SO YOU CAN SLEEP EASY NOW.

END

MORAL: MAMAM, SKETTOS!!

T.C.V.



DEVIL, YOU REALLY SHOULD GET OUT-
YOU'VE BEEN IN HERE FOREVER! I'M ON.
THIS WEEK AT THE CAMERA THEY'RE SHOWING
ALL MOVIES THAT NEVER MADE ANY MONEY
BECAUSE THEY FORCED PEOPLE TO THINK
TOMORROW, IT'S SUBTILE DAY!!

NOOOO.

HE'S OUT THERE
I'M TELLING YOU,
HE'S BEEN FOLLOWING
ME. SHIT.

THIS IS SO MUCH WORSE
THAN WHEN THAT HOMELESS
TORSO MAN WITH ONE
ARM FOLLOWED ME
AROUND ON THAT LITTLE
RED WAGON.

LAX CALL

SO DOES THIS MNY
GUY HAVE ALL OF
HIS LIMBS?

YEAH, AT LEAST THE
WAGON-GUY DIDN'T HAVE
A FREE ARM TO HOLD
ANY WEAPONS.

BUT YOU SAID YOU
CALLED THE POLICE-
DIDN'T THEY DO
ANYTHING?

I CALLED ABOUT FIFTY
TIMES, AND WHEN I CALLED
BACK, THEY NEVER KNEW
WHAT THE HELL I WAS
TALKING ABOUT.

FLUCKERS!! THEY
DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!!
THEY BOUNDED LIKE LINDY
NEVER CALLED AND REPORTED
ANYTHING AT ALL!! OH MAN,
THIS IS JUST TOO MUCH.

AND YOU WERE WORRIED
ABOUT BUMPING INTO THE
LAST GUY YOU WENT OUT WITH.

YEAH, WELL I DON'T HAVE TO
WORRY ABOUT THAT ANYMORE.
DIDN'T YOU HEAR? SOMEBODY
THREW EXPLOSIVES AT HIM WHILE
HE WAS ON THE TOILET AT THAT
CAFE. ALL THEY FOUND WAS
HIS LEGS WITH THE
KNOTS AROUND
THE ANKLES.

DO I KNOW HOW TO
PICK 'EM OR WHAT?

SEE THERE'S
A GOOD THING.

YEAH, BUT MNY IS A WHOLE NEW
THING. I THINK IT'S SAFE TO ASSUME
THAT THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH
HIM, BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND... TONJA,
IF YOU'D ONLY SEEN HIM -
HE WAS SO NICE, UP
UNTIL THAT KNIFE ATTACK
THING.

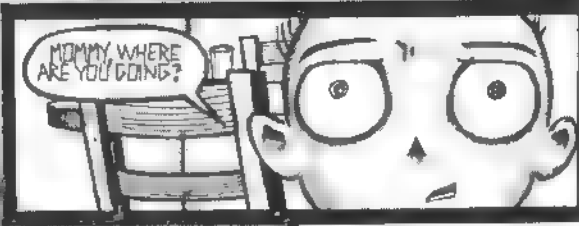
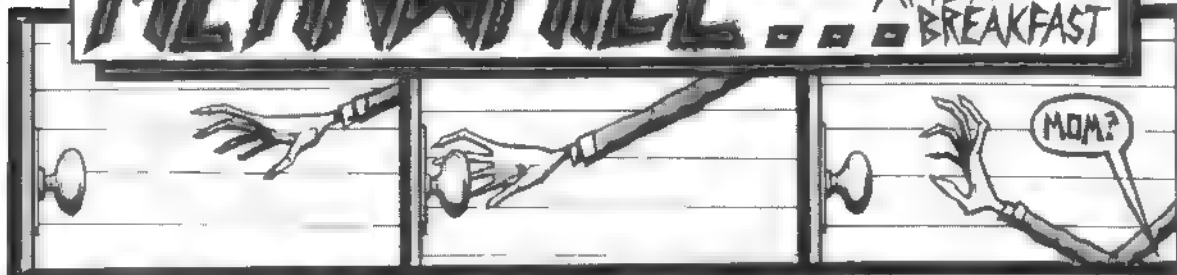
AND NOW I JUST KNOW
IT, HE'S FOLLOWING ME.
I SWEAR I CAN FEEL HIM
WATCHING ME. ONE TIME
I THINK I SAW HIM, HE
WAS AT THE WINDOW,
AT WORK.

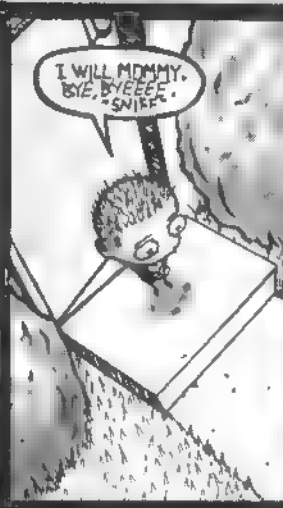
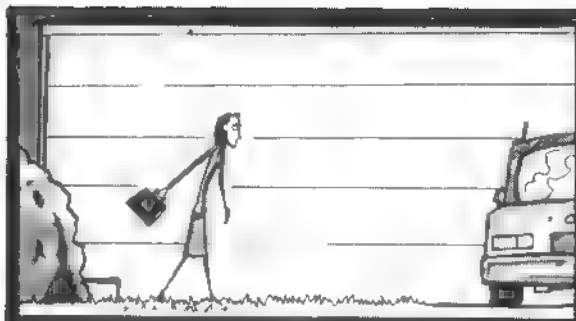


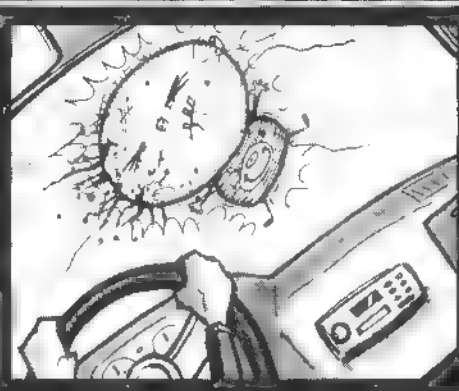
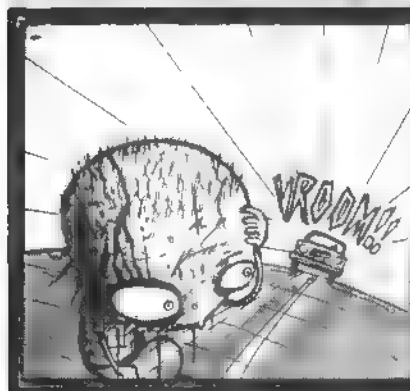
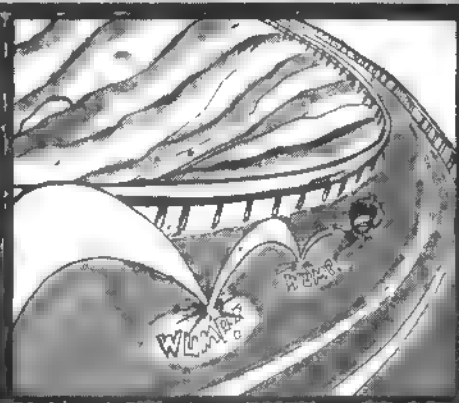
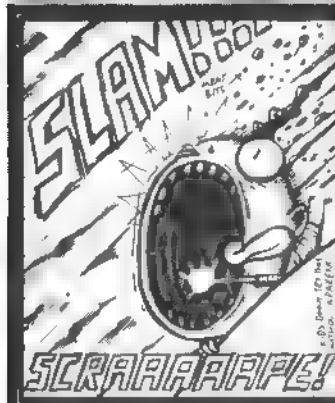
MEANWHILE...

ILV

AFTER
BREAKFAST







BILLY DOESN'T HAVE A HOME.

BILLY'S A RUNAWAY.

THERE WERE PROBLEMS AT HOME SO I JUST LEFT. I WAS EIGHT, NEVER WENT BACK. MY PARENTS DON'T CARE, BUT I GUESS I'M DOING OKAY. I GUESS.

ALL THE DRUGS USUALLY HELP ME FORGET
WHERE I AM. I STARTED SMALL AT FIRST—
JUST DOPE AND GLUE, THEN I STARTED
UP WITH THE CRACK AND THE KID, A
LITTLE HEROIN WHEN
I COULD STEAL ENOUGH
TO AFFORD IT.

IT'S HARDER TO PAY FOR ALL THAT NOW.
MOST OF MY MONEY COMES FROM HAND-
OUTS - THE PEOPLE FEEL SORRY FOR ME
CUZ I'M LITTLE THEY THINK I'M A BABY
OR SOMETHING, BUT I'M ACTUALLY
FIFTEEN YEARS OLD. ALL THE STUFF I
PUT IN ME STUNTED MY GROWTH
AND I PUT ALOT OF STUFF IN ME.

YEAH, WHEN I REALLY NEED
SOMETHING, I'LL FIND SOME-
THING. GASOLINE, PAINT,
WHINO PEE, JUNKEE PUKE.
HUH, I EVEN SHOT UP
A YOO-HOO I FOUND.
I FEEL SICK ALOT
MY PEE IS PURPLE.

RIGHT NOW I'M TWO DAYS
WITHOUT SLEEP AND I'M
HIGH FROM SHOOTIN' UP
WITH SPOILED SOUR CREAM
FROM TACO BELL. WHUM

SOMETIMES I THINK OF GOING HOME I GUESS. I DUNNO. BUT I'M DOING OKAY YOU KNOW. I'M USED TO THIS.. WHUUU..
OOOOOOOOOOOGG... GHH.

UNNNNNNNNGGGG.

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EXCEPT FOR WHEN THAT
HAPPENS, I'M DOING
OKAY.

Kids,  **DRUGS WON'T HELP THINGS.**
THEY'LL ONLY TURN YOU
INTO A HIDEOUS LITTLE
FREAK TROLL-BABY
WITH EXPLODING
EYEBALLS.



JOHNNY the Homicidal Maniac

UHHMM...

YOU HAVE HURT ME, AND...UH...I GUESS I'M GOING TO KILL YOU NOW, I GUESS. YEAH.

REPRESSION

TOLLATE

NO!! PLEASE HURT ME NEVER

SHIT I'M SORRY I JUST REALLY CAN'T DO THIS. NOT NOW. **FEELUCK!!** SITTING HERE IN THIS ROOM IS THE LAST THING I WANT TO DO RIGHT NOW. I WANT SOMEONE TO TALK TO, BUT THERE IS ONLY THE DIN OF RAGING STATE IN MY HEAD. ONLY THIS NOISE. I HAVE NEVER

1/95

WE'RE TOLD TO ACCEPT THE FACT THAT LIFE GOES ON, AND THAT NOTHING IS FOREVER. NOTHING, BUT I DON'T WANT TO ACCEPT THIS!! I DON'T WANT TO SEE IT ALL AS JUST A DEAD THING BEFORE IT DIES!! I HAD SOMETHING!! I HAD SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL!! THE WORLD STILL SPUN AROUND IN ALL ITS ARS TRARY FURY BUT I HAD SOMETHING TO HOLD TIGHT TO! SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL!!

AND I FUCKED IT UP!!! I DID EXACTLY WHAT I NEVER WANTED TO DO!! I TURNED IT INTO SOMETHING COLD AND WEARY!! NON, SCREAMING IN FEAR, I HOLD TIGHTER AND IT SQUIRMS AWAY, PUSHING ME OFF!!

AAAAA

AND THE FASTER I RUN TO CATCH IT, THE FASTER IT RUNS TO BE. THE MORE IT RECOILS FROM MY TOUCH. DREAMING A WORLD THAT HAS STOPPED DREAMING OF ME. GOING AWAY DRIVEN BY THE MORE DESIRABLE IDEA OF NEW DREAMS. AND I DON'T SEEM TO BE ACCEPTING IT.

SHIT

AND I DON'T WANT TO ACCEPT! I DON'T WANT TO GET USED TO LOSING THE FEW THINGS THAT MAKE ME FEEL!! I SAW THE FILTH, BUT I HAD SOMETHING

AND THE NOISE IN MY HEAD WITH ALL ITS VOICES REPEATS ONE THING, INCESSANTLY MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE -- "I'M SO SORRY, I'M SO SORRY, DON'T LET GO OF ME NOW, DREAM OF ME. DON'T LET ME WAKE UP. BUT I KNOW THAT IT'S ONLY NOISE."

SHIT

SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL

K R A C K

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SEE, I KILLED YOU

the END

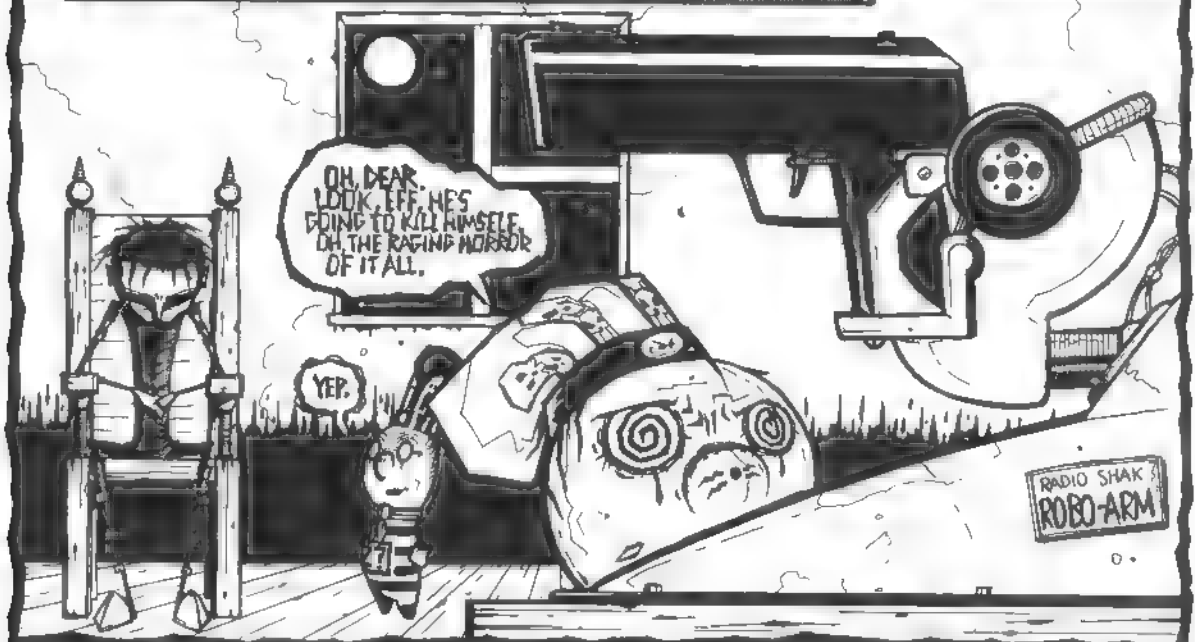
Don't worry people. I'm more than still

TERMINATION

JOHNNY THE SUICIDAL MANIAC

TV 96

A CALL?



SIMPLE, MR. BUCK. I'VE SET THE ARM UP WITH A MOTION TRACKER. IT'S ALSO CONNECTED TO THE TELEPHONE. LIFTING THE PHONE ACTIVATES THE TRACKER.

IT'LL FOLLOW ME BUT WON'T FIRE THE GUN UNTIL I SPEAK INTO PHONE, OR TRY TO TURN OFF THE ARM.

NEAT!

OH, PLEEEEAZE, SPARE ME THIS. THERE IS YET ANOTHER OF HIS FALSE ATTEMPTS!! THE LITTLE SHIT LIES.

TELL ME, JOHNNY E., WHO IS GOING TO CALL YOU? NOBODY EVER CALLS YOU! NOT EVEN WRONG NUMBERS! AND YOU KNOW IT!!

WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME THAT PHONE EVEN RANG??! ESPECIALLY AT TWO IN THE MORNING??! NOBODY WANTS YOU!! YOU'VE CHASED THEM ALL AWAY!!

PUS!! ANIMOUS WRETCH! PEEKING OVER THE EDGE OF THE ABYSS, BUT NEVER STRONG ENOUGH TO JUMP!!

YOU WANT, SO MUCH FOR ME TO DIE, WHY HAVEN'T YOU JUST KILLED ME YOURSELF!!

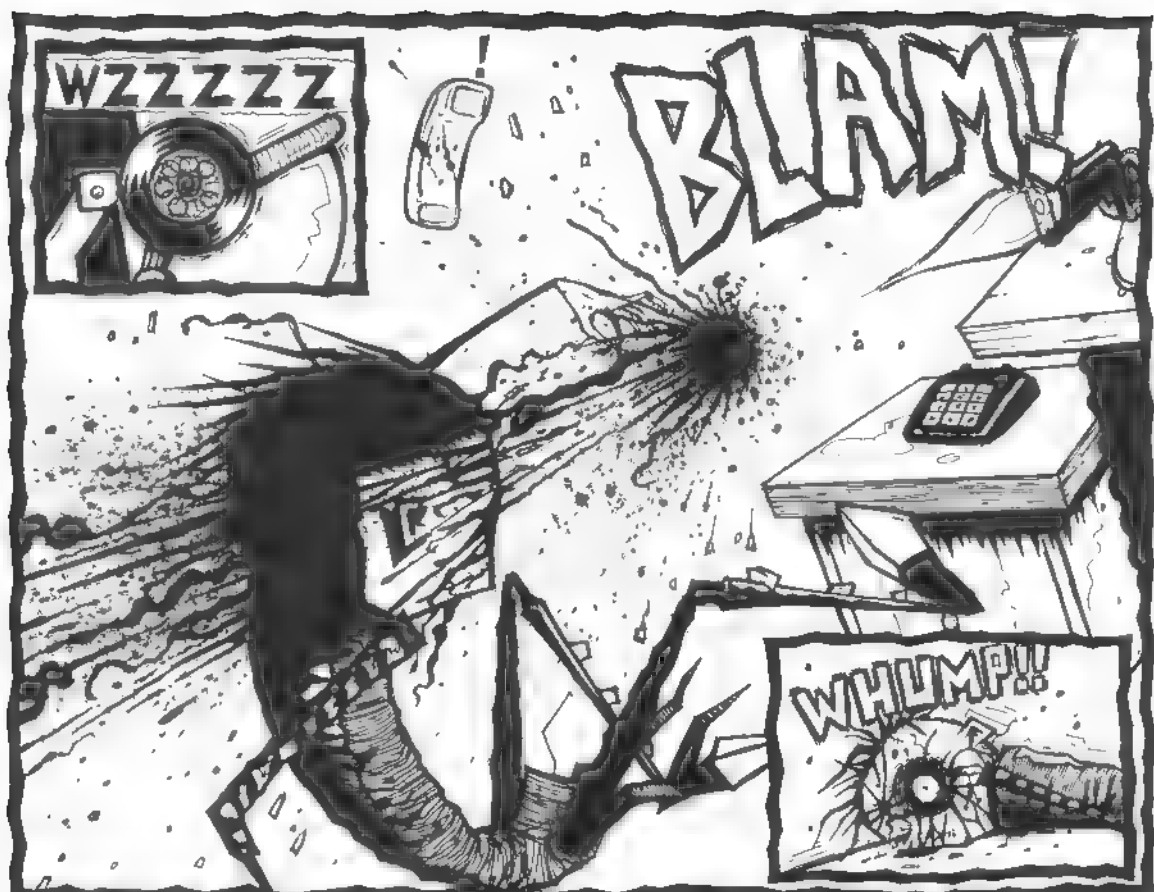
I CAN'T, BUT TRUST ME, I WOULD LOVE TO - TO SERVE MY MASTER. I AM, HOWEVER, NOT STRONG ENOUGH.

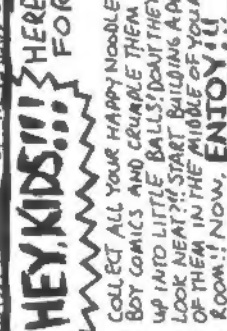
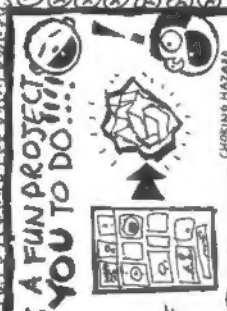
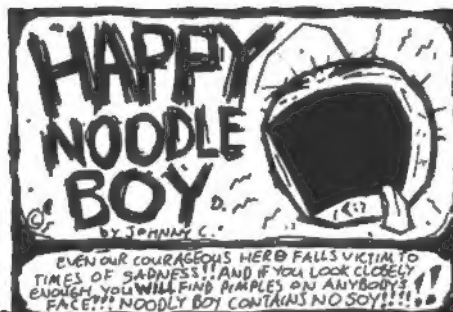
NOT YET ANYHOW, BUT GET THIS, NNN, HE DOESN'T EVEN CARE ABOUT BEING STRONG ENOUGH!! HE ACTUALLY DOES WANT TO SERVE HIS MASTER.

ME? WELL, I NEED YOU A LITTLE LONGER, SO JUST PIPE IT OUT!

YOU KNOW WHAT? I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW I CAME TO LIVE IN THIS HOUSE, I GUESS, PRETTY SOON, I WON'T EVEN REMEMBER NAILBLUNNY, SIGH.







DEAR, DIARY



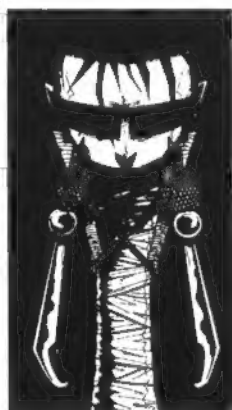
I SEEM TO BE DEAD.

NOIZE

Surely, by this point, you are under the influence of my terrifying powers. Resistance, in you, is but a dusty dream. NEAT!! Ah, yes, the Bad Art Collection is out now, so run screaming to your local nonsense distributor and demand that they sell you that book that they just threw into the trashcan. Also out is Murder Can Be Fun#2, for which I provided a painted front cover depicting some kind of subject matter. JTHM#5 is to be vomited unto you in August. As always, I do comics for Carpe Noctem magazine (some you've seen, as well as some exclusive to their magazine.) C.P. also carries some exclusive JTHM and Happy Noodle boy shirts. Here is their address again: Carpe Noctem P.O. Box 590 Cupertino, CA 95015-0590. Their Web Page is at: <http://www.carpenoctem.com/>. Hmm...Some nice creatures called Knuckle Boy Press were ill enough to interview me. I would mention their address but I cannot find it, and I seem to have lost contact with them! AAARGH!! Also, check out the web page that someone has created with JTHM as a focus. Harlequin did this (I didn't know about it until he told me). It can be found

BLACK THINGS FOR SALE!

JOIN MY LEGION OF DARKNESS



Front



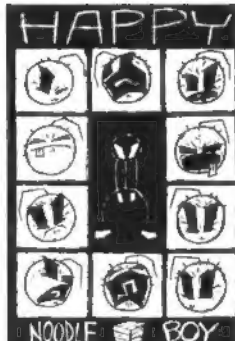
Back

This is the Johnny shirt that all your ugly friends are wearing. You are much better looking, so get it and make them see how hideous they are. It's not really edible but you could eat it if you REALLY tried. White on black shirt, two sided.

\$14.95



Front



Back

This Happy Noodle Boy shirt makes people sick. White on black shirt, two sided. \$14.95

TO ORDER: Send check or money order to Slave Labor Graphics, 979 S. Bascom Ave., San Jose, CA 95128. Please include \$2.50 for the first shirt and \$1.00 for each additional shirt for postage and handling. Or, order with a credit card by calling the toll free # below.

This is David James



He just read the Bad Art Collection for six hours straight. So get your own B.A.C.- SOMEONE has to buy them. Besides, don't YOU want to be like Dave?



TOLL FREE

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU??? PEOPLE, HEAR ME.

Why don't you just call Slave Labor NOW for shipping or stock information, or to get on their mailing list? Why? Are you under the impression that you are, somehow, adequate enough to not need these things? You can call the phone# to get a FREE catalogue or to place credit card orders for things that will only be forgotten with time.

1-800-866-8929

